HEART'S SUNSHINE. T. if only those who love us but tell us while we live And not wait until life's journey Ended is before they give The smile we hungered after, Tender words we longed to hear, Which we listened for, but vainly, For many a weary year! There is much of pain and sorrow All must bear, and bear alone, Yet how helpful is the sunshine Of a cheery look and tone!

How it brightens up life's pathway And dispels the shadows grim And restores our shattered tdols. Which we built in days now dim! Then bestow your sunshine freely! Let it shine from out your eyes,

Let it speak in warm hand pressures, Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs, Let it cheer the fainting spirit Of some brother in distress, Let it thrill our jarring voices With a note of tenderness.

For in serving fellow mortals We best serve the Father, too, And in lightening their burdens Ours grow light and fade from view, And a sympathetic nature That vibrates to others' needs Is a bit of God's own supshine

Quickening to noble deeds.

—Anne B. Wheeler in Boston Transcript.

A*A*A*A*A*A*A*A*A*A*A

A Country Girl Found It, but It Was Not as Charming as She Had Supposed.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Oh," Priscilla said softly to herself over and over, "it is like a fairy storyit is all just like a fairy story!"

And indeed it had come to pass as unexpectedly and delightfully as do wonderful improbabilities in the world of enchantment.

Priscilla was 17. For the last nine years she had lived in the old frame farmhouse on Dry creek. It was a pleasant enough place, the square green farmhouse, half hidden from the road by a grove of native timber. A great Seven Sisters rose straggled up to Priscilla's bedroom window and nodded its pale pink blooms there every summer. The aunt and uncle with whom she lived-common, kindly people, with a marvelous capacity for sustained labor-gave her limitless love. Beyond skimming the cream and keeping the best room in stiff and dustless order Priscilla had little to do. Indeed, her good relatives considered her too fine for heavy tasks. They were proud of her. She was straight, slender and graceful. Her hair was silken and yellow as the tassels of the corn which in July encompassed them in undulating seas of gold. Not all the winds of the prairie could destroy the pure fairness of her complexion. She had laughing gray eyes, a straight nose and lips bright as geranium petals. Unhappily it of discontent was hers. knew that there was another world than that in which she lived-a charming and enchanting world. She had memories of a city home where there were books and pictures, where clever people assembled and sweet music resounded. She had never overcome her resentment to certain country ways. Eating at the same table as the hired hands was a hardship to her. Her uncle and aunt would have been puzzled at such foolish pride. They had

was to be different and delightful. "It happened back at the old farm in Illinois," her aunt told her. "My sister wasn't much older than you are now when the handsome young artist came sketching down our way. Mother took him to board. He was always sketching and painting. We thought he was just a nice, poor young man. He fell deeply in love with Alice. It was only after they were married that we learned he was the son of proud and wealthy people in the east. He wrote home the truth and was disowned then and there. His father said he did not want to hear from him alive or of him dead. Harry took his young wife and went to the city to earn his living. They were doing well and had a comfortable home when your mother died. Harry couldn't live without her. He fretted himself ill. He brought you to us. It was here he died. My, how happy it made Elihu and me to have you, never having had a child of our own! And now"-a sharp quiver coming into the leved voice-"when we were thinking you would marry Willie

never dreamed of a separate table for themselves. But now her whole life

walk on, comes this!" Her right hand brought the letter it held down on the other with a savage slap. Brown old hands they were, enlarged and made unlovely by much toil. Priscilla took the letter and read it through for the dozenth time:

Lester, who worships the ground you

My Dear Little Girl-After all these years your grandfather has relented. I know the memory of grandrather has relented. I know the memory of our boy has been ever with him. You are to come to us. We have a great deal of money, as I suppose you know. We shall spend some of it on a trip abroad, you accompanying us. If you succeed in pleasing your grandfather, you will be a great heirem some day. Inclosed you will find a check to cover your expenses to New York. Your affectionate grandmother,

ELLEN WHYLAND. "Oh, won't it be grand to travel and see the places I've read of and hear beavenly music and wear beautiful gowns!" She drew a long breath of ecstatic anticipation. She was too dazsled to recognize the heartlessness of the letter in which she rejoiced. She did not know how cruelly selfish were her own words. The grandparents who had ignored her existence all these years now summoned her without a thought for those into whose lives she had grown. She, attracted by the bril-

lance of the bribe, was eager to go. "Grand!" echoed Mrs. Willits. The lump in her throat pained her. She muttered something about the biscuits

for supper and went away. Will Lester came over that evening. He was an overgrown young fellow,

with an awkward walk, a handsome head and a fresh color in his tanned cheeks.

"So you are going away, Priscilla!" he said. She dimpled and blushed coquettish

"Yes, I'm going away." Yesterday the knowledge that Will Lester loved her would have thrilled her with delight. All that was changed

On the morning of her departure Leater went to Elihu Willits with a look in his blue eyes that was half determined, balf ashamed.

"Will you let me drive Priscilla to the train?" he asked.

Willits, hooked of nose, gray of beard, shabby of attire, irascible of speech and just now bitter of heart, was about to irritably refuse on the spot.

"Yes, my boy!" he said.

For suddenly he had recalled a certain dark, rainy, sweet scented spring night when he had walked home from prayer meeting with her who now had been his faithful wife for 20 years and had kissed her for the first time.

So Lester drove Priscilla to the train. But it was not until they had left the farmhouse far behind, not until they had whirled through the straggling street of the little, unprosperous town, not, indeed, until they were in sight of the red roofed depot, that he found courage to speak his mind.

"Priscilla, you know I love you, that I've always loved you, yes, since you came here a child. There is no use in talking of that now. You are going to be a fine lady. When I shall have finished my two years' course in Chicago, I shall be at the best but a semistarved country doctor. I felt I must say 'I love you!' although there is no use in hoping-now!"

"No," she said softly. She colored a deep, delicious pink. "I'm awfully sorry, Willie. Everything is changed

"Priscilla!" He pulled around in the seat and was looking down upon her. "I wonder if you remember how once, a long time ago, you strayed away from home. There had been a storm. You could not be discovered anywhere. The folks were nearly crazy. It was I who found you. You were a good way down the creek. You were wet and hungry, tired and cold. You were scratched by briers, had lost your shoe and were altogether forlorn. When you saw me, you hald out your arms, with the gladdest cry I ever heard. 'Oh, take me home, Willie!' you cried. 'I was trying to find the end of the rainbow!' I did take you home, and you slept every bit of the way with your little wet head cuddled on my shoulder. Do you know, I cannot help thinking that you are—are going to find the end of another rainbow, Pris-

"No-ah, no! What a cruel prophecy!" She laughed a little nervously. "Here we are! The train-is it on

time, I wonder?" The train was on time. The Willitses

were on hand. Gaunt and lugubrious they loomed up on the platform. "Don't worry about me, Aunt Mary!" Priscilla entreated. "I'll come to see you, and I'll bring you a real camel's

hair shawl and a velvet gown!" "Never mind them," returned Mrs. Willits huskily. "But you come,

sure!" "Never mind them-come, sure!"

urged Elihu like an echo.

They kissed her. Lester held her hand tight a minute. Then the train was writhing eastward like a great

black serpent. Such a different world was that into which she went-such a world of ease, of luxury, of artistic delight! At first she was deliciously dazed by it all. The immense, beautiful house; the velvet laid corridors; the trained, deft servants; the crested, fragrant linen; the tall, reddish sideboard, on which the silver gleamed a drift of moonlit frost; the high jars of aromatic rose leaves; the entrancing, gold bound pictures, the glowing draperies, the loose masses of cut flowers, the universal air of aloofness, made up the environment of ideal existence.

Then her grandparents were such charming old aristocrats. Money could never have made them. First, centuries before, were blood and breeding. The advantages which money could buy had supplemented these. They decided that personally Priscilla was perfection. Masters of music, of dancing, of languages, came daily, and the polish of accomplishments was added to her store of fascination.

Abroad, her grandparents were delighted with the sensation she created. With her natural intelligence stimulated to the utmost, her fresh young beauty set off with Parisian toilets, she was quite the most bewitching creature society had seen for a long time. She wrote regularly to the old couple on Dry creek. She enjoyed her life heartily. At Rome its current was changed. She fell in love with a singer whose superb voice and face of brigandish beauty had taken the musical world by storm. Old Calvin Whyland frowned on the affair. He took his granddaughter away. De Lalenier followed-obtained an interview. Carried away by his earnestness, his personality, his passion, she promised to marry him. Her grandfather heard of it-questioned her.

"Ask him," cried the old man, ghastly with rage, "if he wants you or the money he believes you will inherit!" "Never!" she replied with scorn. "

shall never so insult him!" A fortnight later Mr. Whyland caught the Roman fever and died. When his will was opened, it was found to bear the date of his interview with his rebellious grandchild. After a certain share to his wife all his estate was left to a distant branch of his family. Priscilla was penniless. She took the news lightly. She had Adrain's love. He heard the rumor. He came to see her.

"Yes," she answered him. "It is true. I have been disinherited."
He rose. He took up his hat. He

bowed profoundly. "You are the sweetest woman in the world, Miss Whyland, but I must say

goodby. She stared at him in bewilderment. All at once comprehension, complete and terrible, came to her. She was filted!

"You mean"-"That 1-in your expressive tongueam a scoundrel! Forgive me if you

can. Goodby!" Then he was gone.

The spirit of spring was abroad. The newly turned furrows in the cornfields were black and moist. Lines of tender green defined the hollows in the scarred earth. Everywhere was the subtle sense of awakening, everywhere the wholesome, familiar smell of "green things growing." The trees along the creek had burst into myriads of brownish buds. Once in awhile sounded the contented note of the meadow lark from its nest in the prairie grasses.

"I'll be glad when the young chickens are fit to fry," Mrs. Willits was saying. She leaned forward to lay the circle of biscuit dough she held on the bubbling contents of the big iron pot. "Not but that a fat old one does make a good potpie! My! How Priscilla relished my potpie! The dear child-who's that?"

She turned sharply. A woman stood just without the open door, a stately and beautiful woman. She was gowned in soft fawn color, and the hat on the golden hair was a mass of changeable purple bloom. She held out little gloved hands.

"Aunt Mary! Don't you know me?" For an instant the woman by the stove stood still-motionless, enraptured. Then she rushed forward. She swept the radiant vision into her breathless embrace. She had not known such happiness since the rainy, sweet scented spring night when Elihu had kissed her on the way home from prayer meeting.

"My-dear-little-girl!" "I am not rich!" She was laughing and sobbing, her lips seeking repeatedly the wrinkled old cheek. "I did not even bring you the velvet gown.

Grandpa died, you know, and"-"I'm rich-I'm rich!" quavered the old woman. "Elihu-E-li-hu, hurry! Here's our little girl!"

Priscilla did not at first recognize the gentleman who came to call on her a few days later as that handsome, self possessed, bearded man Will Lester. She learned much of Dr. Lester during the months that followed, and the tales that were told her did credit to his head and heart.

One night he ventured to speak of her again as he had that distant morning on the way to the train which was to carry her out of his life.

"But now," he concluded, "I speakand hope! May 17'

"Listen." she said. "You must know all first."

She told him the frank and full truth. From the orchard came drifting up to them a thousand vagrant, delicious scents, and firefles flashed around them like incarnate words of love.

"I think," she ended in a queer, shaky little voice, "that I've found-as you said I might-the end of another rainbow, Willie."

He opened his arms and gathered her into their shelter as he had done that night on Dry creek when he found her a little helpless, frightened child.

"You remember it, love-that old story? Thank God, dear heart," he said, in his voice infinite thankfulness, infinite joy. "The storm is spent, the darkness over!"-Chicago Tribune.

Two Fables.

Charles and William were partners in a small way in the commission business. When the war broke out, William went to the front, but as Charles had an uncle who was a congressman, he went to Washington and did important work for some contractors.

After the war William came home in dusty blue clothes and was a hero, although he was \$6 in debt. He found Charles not only engaged to the prettiest girl in the place, but with his pockets full of ready money.

It is pleasant to know that republics are not always ungrateful.

David was a fine old merchant. He was a deacon, a solid man and universally respected. The civic reform club urged upon him to run for mayor, and the committee informed him that he would be pretty nearly unanimously elected. He weakly consented, and the

respectable element was delighted. They ran against him an unknown person named Michael, a retired saloon keeper. He was an ignorant man, but he knew a good deal about machines.

When they counted the ballots, it was discovered that Michael had been elected by a majority of 2,293 to 158. David felt very sore and is still wondering how it happened.

Stories like this should demonstrate that success consists in knowing how to succeed.—Life.

How Congress Spring Was Named. When John Taylor Gilman, a member of congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratogs in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by a young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin, the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!"

"Who found it?" he was asked. Turning to the distinguished lawmaker, the little fellow admiringly exclaimed, "Why, the congress!"

And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Is due to an acid poison which gains access to the blood through failure of the proper organs to carry off and keep the system clear of all morbid, effete matter. This poison

Distorts Muscles, Shatters Nerves. Stiffens Joints.

through the general circulation is deposited in the joints, muscles and nerves, causing the most intense pain. Rheumatism may attack with such suddenness and severity as to make within a few days a healthy, active person helpless and bed-ridden, with distorted limbs and shattered nerves; or it may be slow in developing, with slight wandering pains, just severe enough to make one feel uncomfortable; the tendency in such cases is to grow worse, and finally become chronic.

Like other blood diseases, Rheumatism is often inherited, and exposure to damp or cold, want of proper food, insufficient clothing, or anything calculated to impair the health, will frequently cause it to develop in early life, but more often not until middle age or later. In whatever form, whether acute or chronic, acquired or Rheumatism is Strictly a Blood Disease,

and no liniment or other external treatment can reach the trouble. Neither do the preparations of potash and mercury, and the various mineral salts, which the doctors always prescribe, cure Rheumatism, but ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

A remedy which builds up the general health and at the same time rids the system of the poison is the only safe and certain cure for Rheumatism. S. S. S., made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful solvent, purifying properties, attacks the disease in the right way, and in the right place—the blood—and quickly neutralizes the acid and dissolves all poisonous deposits, stimulates and reinforces the overworked, worn-out organs, and clears the system of all unhealthy accumulations. S. S. S. cures permanently and thoroughly, and keeps

the blood in a pure, healthy state, Mr. J. O. Malley, 123 W. 15th Street Indianapolis, Ind., for eighteen months was so terribly afflicted with Rheumatism he was unable to feed or dress himself. Doctors said his case was hopeless. He had tried fifty-two prescriptions that friends had given him, without the slightest relief. A few bottles of S. S. S. cured him permanently, and he has never had a rheumatic pain since. This was five years ago.

We will send free our special book on Rheumatism, which should be in the hands of every sufferer from this torturing disease. Our physicians have made blood and skin diseases a life study, and will give you any information or advice wanted, so write them

fully and freely about your case. We make no charge whatever for this service. Address, SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Go

Ceveral Thousand Delegates Attend Dublin Convention.

REORGANIZING THE PARTY.

Feventy-five Irish Members of the House of Commons Present-Strong Resolutions Denouncing the South African War Adopted -- Healey Barred Out.

Dublin, Dec. 12.-Delegates to the number of several thousand, represent ing county councils, borough corporations, district councils, branches of the United Irish League and kindred bodies, met yesterday in national conventhe Irish party."

people." Seventy-five Irish members form.

a resolution to the effect that the South African war was entered upon in pursuance of a conspiracy to deprive two free nations of their liberty in the interests of miners and cap-

the child and his mother were deported hundreds of miles and fed upon pea soup. The lad's death Mr. Dillon

described as "cowardly murder." Intensely excited by Mr. Dillon's speech, the assembly broke forth into flerce cries and protests against the conduct of the war. The resolution was adopted unanimously and the conduct of the war. The resolution of the war is a conduct of the war. The resolution was adopted unanimously and the conduct of the war.

William O'Brien offered a resolution excluding Timothy M. Healy from the parliamentary party.

Timothy Harrington, who was frequently interrupted, said that if the action of the delegates plunged the country into the vortex of despair for the resolution.

It Made Him a New Man.

James Richardson, jr., connected with the Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, suffered greatly with kidney trouble. Ho, like thousands of others, after using Cramer's is cured and a new man once more. He is glad to recommend this great remedy to sufferers and cannot say too much for Cramer's.

The "Bess" M-dicine.

ALBANY, N. Y. May 31, 1887.—Cramer Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.: I can cheerfully recommend your kidney complaint. The contents of two bottles has cured me and I have ordered five bottles to be sent to my mother-in-law who is suffering from kidney trouble.

Yours truly

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Yours truly ure generations would curse the con-

vention and those who participated Mr. O'Brien's resolution was adopted, only 25 hands showing against it. The convention then adjourned until morning.

Panie Among Children.

Chicago, Dec. 12.-Fifteen hundred children fought and struggled and crushed to escape the fancied horror of death by fire last evening at a Punch and Judy show in Turner hall. There was no spark of flame in the building, but the cry of a startled youngster was taken up and instantly the gathering of little ones was in a panic. Fully a bundred of the boys and girls were swept from their feet gwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww and trampled on and crushed against the walls and balustrades of the stairs. Others leaped from the galleries in the hall and fell in the midst of the strughall and fell in the midst of the strug-gling mass below. Almost miraculous- An Excellent Opportunity! Missouri Pacific Ry. ly only a few were hurt beyond severe bruises.

Des Moines Theater Burns. Des Moines, Dec. 12.-For the second time the Auditorium theater was visited by fire yesterday, but fortunately this time was not destroyed. It was being used as a vaudeville theater and the fire, which originated in the vicinity of the stage, consumed most all the scenery, the properties of the performers and did considerable damage to the structure itself. The damage was sufficient to necessitate the closing of the house for some time.

Where Dunkards Will Meet. Lincoln, Dec. 12.-The special committee appointed by the Dunkard church to decide at what point in Ne-

braska the annual national convention next May shall be held adjourned last night without announcing the name of the winning city. It is reported that the committee yesterday was divided between Lincoln and Hastings, and that Lincoln finally won out, contingent on its meeting the requirements.

Standard Oil Not In Contempt. Columbus, O., Dec. 12.—The supreme court yesterday dismissed the contempt proceedings against the Standard Oil company. The court was equally divided.

W. C. AHLMAN.

AHLMAN BROS.

The Norfolk Bicycle Men, Proprietors

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We do Repairing Promptly and Reasonable.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Any person who is suffering with backache caused by tion in the Dublin rotunda to "recreate kidney trouble, sleeplessness or a desire to urinate often during the night can be cured if they will use Cramer's Kidney John Redmond, who presided, said Cure. For urinary and bladder troubles it is without doubt it was the "parliament of the Irish the acme Kidney cure on the market. If you have weak kidof the house of commons were present neys commence taking it at once. Nine-tenths of female and several priests were on the plat- troubles are traced to the kidneys. It is pleasant to take. It brightens you up; gives you ambition, drives away that slug-John Dillon, amid cheers, proposed gish feeling; gives you strength and makes you feel like a different person. Testimonials from people who have used Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cure.

ty in the interests of miners and capitalists.

He read letters from Boer generals giving instances of the alleged brutality of British soldiers in South Africa and also the death notice of a Boer boy of 8 in the camp at Port Elizabeth whose father had refused to surrender and whose home was blown up with dynamite. According to the notice, the child and his mother were dealers and the sum of the child and his mother were dealers.

His Case Was a Bad One.

His Case Was a Bad One.

OMAHA, June 10, 1900.—Cramer Chemical Co.. ALBANY, N. Y., March 12, 1890.—Cramer Chemical Co.: It has been on my mind to the testify to the bonelits we have had from the use of your unequalled kidney remedy. My father than all and more to him than it promised. He will continue to use it and fools certain of an entire remedy advertised extensively I was induced to try it. After the use of a few bottles I am again in perfect health and have to thank your wonderful remedy for it. I shall recommend it to all my friends having this direct rouble. His Case Was a Bad One.

all my friends having this dire trouble.

Respectfully yours,
DAVID O'BRIEN.

No Other so Good.

invigorates the Blood.

Was Much Run Down.

OMAHA, July 12, 1900.—I was a sufferer with kidney complaint. Very much run down and thought it was all up with me for a while. I heard of Cramer's and with a few bottles I was entirely cured. I recommend this remedy to all who are sick and need a good kidney regulator.

ARTHUR JONES. Manager Western Car Service Association.

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The Norfolk Piano Man.

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